

FEATWAVE

2



CONTENTS: Number 2 : OCTOBER 1966

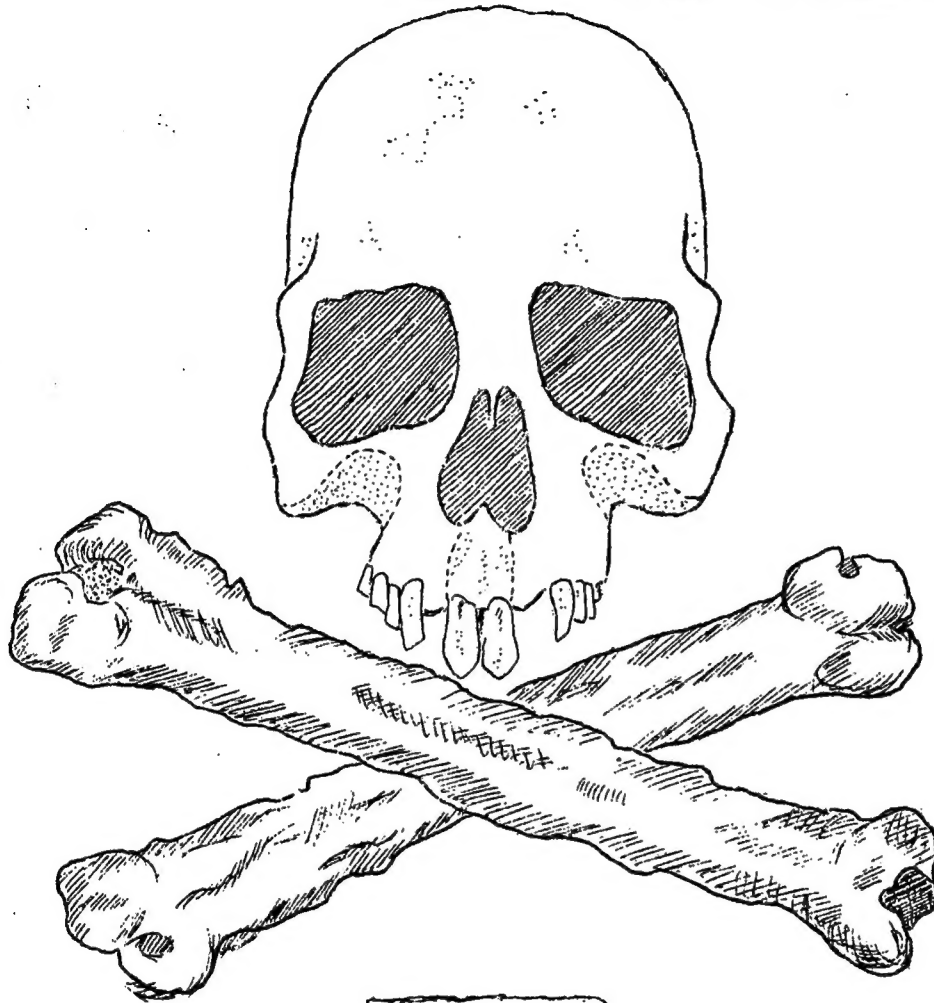


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HEATWAVE
13 Redcliffe Road
London SW 10
Un tied Kingdom

ALL or NOT AT ALL!



EDITORIAL

We are living through the break-up of an entire civilisation. Contemporary society has only one foundation -- its own inertia: the last vestiges of religion and ideology cannot conceal the extent of our mass-alienation. Nothing means anything any more. There seems to be no escape from the isolation and senselessness of our lives. For all of us the abyss seems likely to open at any moment. We are all alone in a world that has become one huge mad-house.

Nowhere is there an adequate explanation of what it is we go through every day. The traditional revolutionary movement, to which desperate people might once have turned, has long since been integrated in the status quo and is no longer distinct from the rest of the bureaucratic machine. At best it is simply the vanguard of bureaucratic efficiency-reform. Nowhere does there exist a theoretical

and analytic basis from which the increasingly unbearable contradictions of our daily life can be examined, attacked and destroyed: a basis exposing our modern poverty and revealing our possible wealth.

In isolation and anguish, innumerable people are becoming aware of the poverty of their own lives -- of the total disparity between their real subjective desires and the lives they are forced to lead, of the total disparity between the richness of life now possible and the mass-produced mini-life imposed on every one by the Welfare State.

Over the last decade, a new revolt has begun to break out in all the highly-industrialised countries of the world, a revolt associated particularly closely with both the wild-cat strikes and with the attitudes of contemporary rebel youth. This revolt is now out in the open: agitators and saboteurs are on the streets. The whole of official society (cops and psychiatrists, artists and sociologists, anarchists and architects) has tried to suppress, distort and re-integrate the phenomena of this, their crisis.

It is still at an early stage. (Last month a twenty-year-old set fire to a railway goods depot in Sheffield, causing close on a million pounds worth of damage; when interrogated, he said that he had "wanted to see a little blaze"). But it is breaking out everywhere: the acts still lack a real perspective and a coherent form of action. They are, in fact, half-symptoms of crisis, half acts of rebellion. It is in this context that we intend to act as a catalyst; to take part in the transformation of this new revolt into a new revolutionary movement.

The first thing to be criticised is the crock of shit passed off as criticism. Opposition has degenerated into a series of disparate and fragmentary protests -- against nuclear war, against colonialism and racial discrimination, against urban chaos, etc.-- lacking any grip on the whole of modern society and presenting no serious challenge to the dominant set-up. What should be criticised is, on the contrary, our normal everyday experience of life. It is this that is so boring, disgusting and senseless. Why worry about the risk of humanity immolating itself in a nuclear holocaust when everyone, everywhere, sacrifices their real nature, their real desires, their real will to live every minute of every day? All that we can see anywhere is a grotesque travesty of human life, half nightmare and half burlesque: a degraded labour we never chose in order to produce an empty, passive, isolated leisure we never wanted. Life has

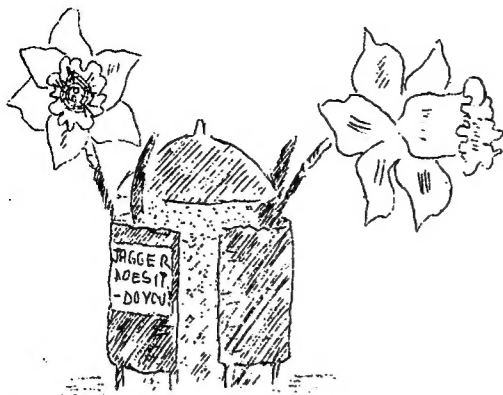
been reduced to living death. We reject the whole system of work and leisure, of production and consumption, to which life has been reduced by bureaucratic capitalism.

Put in different terms: it is the concept of total revolution which has been lost. It has degenerated into a theory of the rectification of economic and political structures, whereas all the most radical periods of the past revolutionary movement were animated by the desire to transform the whole nature of human experience, to create a world in which the desires of each individual could be realised, without restriction. The only real problem is how to live life to the full. Burn, baby, burn!

New revolutionary theory must attack production and consumption as a whole, showing that exactly the same alienation exists in both, and showing that their transcendence can only lead to the creation of a new kind of human activity. The basic demand is for a society based on the almost-total leisure that mechanisation and automation have now made possible; that is to say, on a new culture corresponding to human desires and not simply dissimulating and sublimating their frustration. It is precisely the early stages of this revolt which can be seen in the revolt of contemporary youth, in their refusal either to work or consume as ordered, in their permanent strike and in their experiments, however confused they may be, to create an alternative use of life. What would a revolutionary society be like? An endless passion, an endless adventure, an endless banquet.

In this issue we have tried to show some of the phenomena of this international revolt and we have tried to relate them to the last radical period of the revolutionary movement (the period 1910-1930) whose importance the new revolutionary movement must re-discover and criticise. As the crisis of contemporary society develops, as it becomes more and more acute and less and less easy to dissimulate, revolt can only grow. Things have already reached the point where if anyone wants to live at all they can only revolt. The problem now is to make such acts radical and coherent, to relate the fragments seen by more and more individuals to the alienation of social life as a whole, to place them within a perspective which can only serve to expand consciousness and to introduce to each and every rebel the outlines of revolt in which his act can be mirrored along with all other acts of revolt. Finally to create the revolutionary praxis by which this society and this civilisation can be destroyed, once and for all.

Christopher GRAY
Charles RADCLIFFE



THE FIRST DAFFODILS IN THE PISSOIRE

Spontaneous acts of resistance, sabotage and revolt are breaking out everywhere, the majority of them not, of course, recognised as such by the so-called radical press. The following cuttings were taken from the daily press during three weeks in August; we didn't look for them carefully; they are just normal, everyday events. Some are purely spontaneous reactions, without any consciousness or sense of perspective, others are carefully constructed and foreseen. In such acts is clearly revealed a number of the features of contemporary revolt. It has superseded the forms of alienated political action and organisation and has become a revolt on the everyday level. It lacks, for the moment, revolutionary consciousness and is restricted to destructiveness. It has traces of the imagination and poetry which always characterise revolt.*



A man appeared in the dock at Clerkenwell today with a raincoat draped 'Batman-style' around his shoulders and gave his name as 'The Robot'. He admitted stealing a telephone handset and three bottles of milk and was remanded in custody until August 8 for reports.

-- Evening News, Aug. 5., 1966

For more than four hours last night a maximum security prisoner in Wandsworth Jail held prison officers at bay from the top of a 50ft roof by hurling slates ripped from round his perch. Each time the officers and prison medical staff tried to reach him he launched another volley. "It's the solitary. I'm in solitary and it's getting on me. I want out, but they won't let me. I had to do something", (he shouted). A spokesman at the prison said later: "This is an internal matter and has nothing to do with anyone outside"

-- Daily Express, Aug. 5., 1966

A youth stopped the show at London's Royal Court theatre yesterday -- with a barrage of potato pellets fired from a gun. Some hit comedian Max Wall. He continued the play, Ubu Roi, after the youth had been ejected.

-- Sunday Mirror, Aug. 7., 1966

Scotland Yard's special branch started an investigation today to try to trace the hoaxers who lured Mr. Edward Heath, Leader of the Opposition, and 14 other people to a Dorchester Hotel, London, function last night with forged invitations on note-

* We have omitted resistance on the industrial front, not because we are unaware of its importance but because it is adequately covered elsewhere -- Solidarity, etc.)

paper which was a replica of that used at 10, Downing Street. The function was in honour of Lieut. Gen. Nguyen Huu Co, deputy Prime Minister of South Vietnam ... Mr St John Stevas said later: (The letter) ended rather curiously. I didn't read the end of it, but had I done so I might have been suspicious. It ended with the words: 'I hope you will be able to come and give him the reception which he deserves'.

-- Evening News, The Guardian, Aug.11.

A housewife admitted yesterday that she was the mystery woman who stripped while the band played the National Anthem at a dance... Mrs Stapleton, 22, who has two young children, said ..."It was a joke more than anything. You know how these things start ... I was tight at the time and afterwards I went home to sleep it off. It goes on everywhere, doesn't it?" she added. "This is nothing to what goes on in the West End. I did it all on impulse. You can't explain these things, can you? I took off most of my clothes but I wasn't naked as some people said. I still had my pants on." ... Would she do the same again? Mrs Stapleton said:"I don't know really. You can't tell, can you, until it happens..."

-- Sunday Mirror, Aug.14.

Police were questioning a number of youths yesterday about a hoax in which a piano blew up and injured 11 people. A home-made bomb, put in a piano at a piano-smashing contest during a carnival at Bletchley, Bucks., had been set to explode when a certain key was hit.

-- Daily Sketch, Aug. 16.

"I was working in a shop on a Saturday and was promised I'd be paid £7 but she only gave me £3, so I said 'Right'. I put on four jumpers and my own on top, 24 pairs of knickers and four suspender belts, two brassieres and five pairs of stockings.

When I got home I said, 'That old cow didn't pay me what she promised,' and my Mum was going on. So I said, 'Wait until you see,' and I started doing a striptease, and she was sitting there smoking her fag, laughing and shouting 'Go on,' and 'I'll have that' as I kept taking things off. My old Nan, she's 84, and she was just sitting there and going hee-hee..."

-- Evening Standard, Aug.16.

A "Laughing Killer" who boasts that he has already stabbed two people to death has left a note on the doorstep of a police headquarters saying that he will claim a third victim -- this time a teenager. With the note in a parcel found outside the main police station at Stockport, Cheshire, was a dagger with its tip missing. Police scientists decided yesterday that the dagger was the one plunged into the back of John Crossland, 44, of Kingsland-road, Cheadle Heath, who was found dying from stab wounds at Cheadle early on Monday ... Two pieces of crumpled paper, with words cut from newspaper headlines, made up the note... "From the killer of Marjorie Hill and John Crossland... My next victim will be a teenager...Ha ha."

The words "ha ha" carry echoes of Jack the Ripper, the London gaslight killer, who used them in several letters to the police... Police are calling the man they are hunting the 'Laughing Killer' because when he left Mrs Hill dying there was a burst of laughter... and there is the "ha ha" in the note.

-- Daily Mirror, Aug.18.

A number of policeman had hospital treatment early today after battling with youths in what was described as the "worst public disturbance in Oxford for many years". ... Supt. Leonard North, Deputy Chief Constable of Oxford, told a special court today that the fight involved 60 youths against ten police officers... P-c Ronald Orman said he was arresting a youth when another jumped on his back. "I was pushed to the ground and kicked and punched several times. It was a vicious attack. Some officers had a job to stay on their feet. In the van, when one youth escaped, I chased after him. He shouted: 'It's a pity they didn't shoot more of you bastards'. He ran, and I hit him on the head with my truncheon," said P-c Orman.

-- Evening Standard, Aug.20.

The Union Jack could not be hoisted over Hastings Castle yesterday because the flagstaff rope had been cut by vandals. A small French tri-color had been fastened to the flagstaff. Every seat in the castle was overturned and offensive slogans in French daubed about the castle.

-- Daily Mail, Aug.23.

Richard Lawrence Hargate set fire to a railway goods depot because he "wanted to see a little blaze", a court was told yesterday. The depot would cost £835,000 to replace, said Mr Anthony Proctor, prosecuting at Sheffield. He added that Hargate, aged 20, of Verdun street, Sheffield, and two boys aged 13 and 10 then set fire to disused railway offices causing damage estimated at £14,000...

-- Daily Sketch, Aug 27,

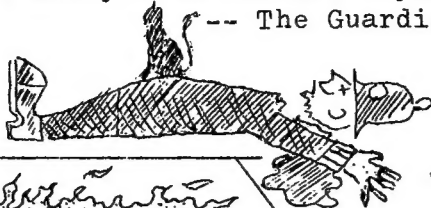
A crowd set about two policeman who were struggling with youths who had attacked them with spanners and a cosh in Roman road, Bow, last night. Five men and two women were arrested when police reinforcements arrived. The two policemen were taken to hospital.

-- Sunday Mirror, Aug 28.

Roughneck types hell-bent on causing trouble had appeared instead of mods and rockers, Great Yarmouth magistrates were told yesterday... Inspector John Cooper said that it had been hoped that Bank Holiday rowdyism had ceased, but "unfortunalely that has not been so. I would like to point out (he said) that the difference between these and other Bank Holidays is that they are not of the usual mod and rocker type; that seems to have died out. This is the roughneck type who have come hell-bent on causing

trouble to everybody including the police, and also to innocent youngsters and youths who are trying to enjoy themselves."

-- The Guardian, Aug.30.



courtesy "Little Black Cat"



NOTE TO OUR READERS:

HEATWAVE 1 sold out in a few weeks; we have done a small reprint but supplies won't last long. If you want it please order right away. If we've sold out by the time we hear from you we'll hold your money for HEATWAVE 3, due in January.

After HEATWAVE 1, we received an enormous amount of letters. For the time being we don't intend printing any of these, though we do, of course, note them. Unfortunately we shall not, in future, be able to answer all letters -- this is no reason for not writing but simply an explanation for why you may not receive an immediate reply -- we shall, of course, do our best but there are a very limited number of people to do all the work.

Would overseas subscribers please note that we lose out on cheques -- they take months to cash and the bank gets a rake-off. We prefer bank notes or I.M.O.s. In future we must also reject all small currency coinage -- from abroad this is totally unusable.

A sub. to HEATWAVE costs six shillings for four quarterly issues -- one dollar for the U.S.A. Individual copies are 2/-, post included. All payments should be made out to Charles Radcliffe. For the time being our address remains: 13 Redcliffe Road, London, S W 10.

THE WOODEN SHOE!
42 NEW COMPTON STREET
LONDON WC2

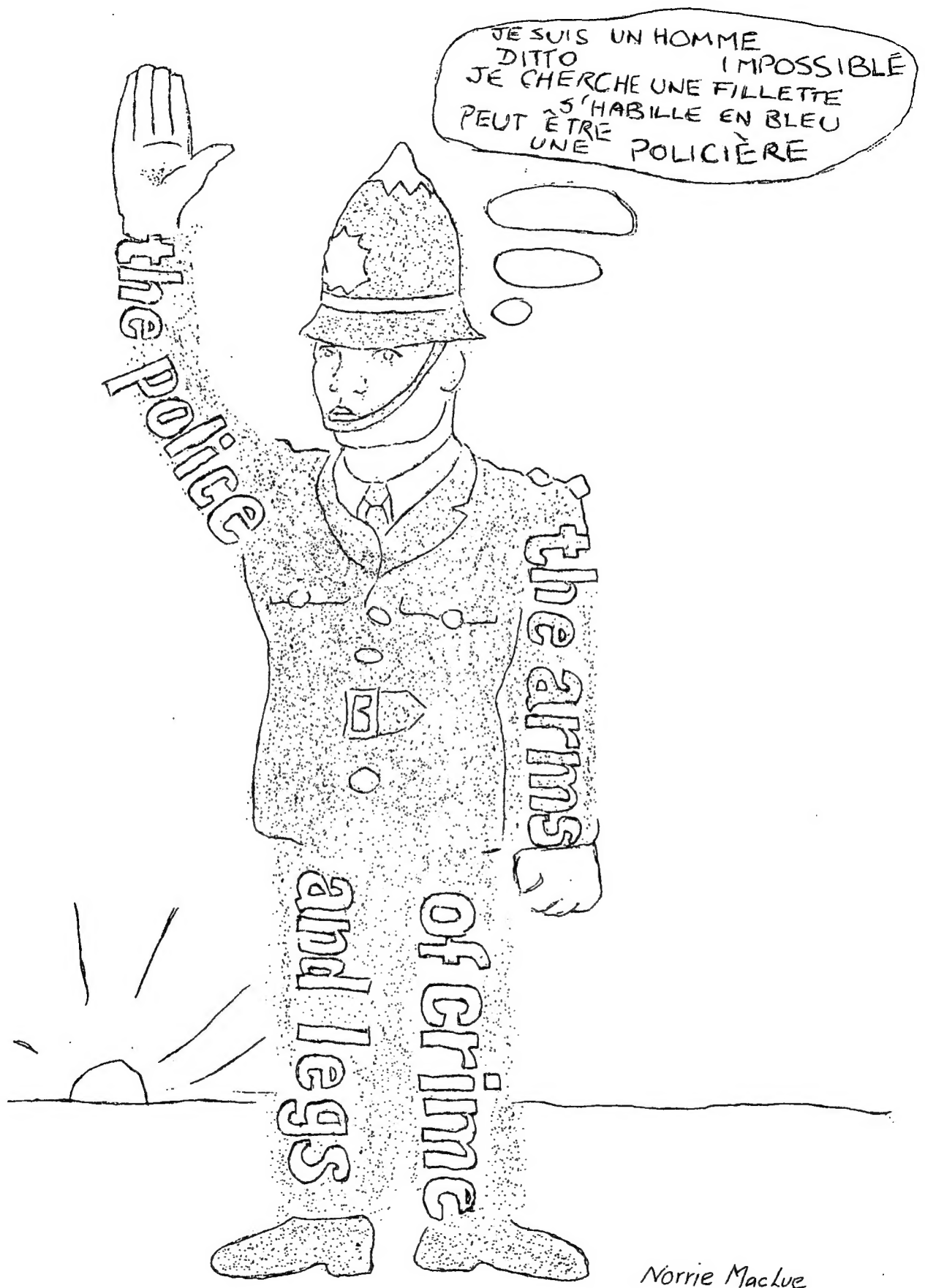
is a new anarchist bookshop in Central London. Stocks are not complete yet but it promises to be the best bookshop in town. Of course it stocks HEATWAVE!

YOU ALL ACTUALLY WANT "THE REBEL WORKER" and the brilliant R.W. pamphlets. Watch out for Surrealism & Revolution! Write 1644, Meyer Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60614

SOLIDARITY -- there's nothing quite like it (thank god). For the inside story on industry & the undermining of orthodoxies left and right -- 10s to 197, Kings Cross Road, London, WC1 will ensure 12 post free issues. Say what it's for!!



..be..starting..shortly..in..central..london..the radical press.. watch.for..details..du



DADA

& SURREALIST texts

— a commentary in brief

One of the main reasons for the impasse of contemporary English and American culture lies in its complete ignorance of dada and surrealism, the most radical artistic movements of the period 1910-1930. Dada was a nihilistic expose of an empty and spectacular culture -- Raoul Vaneigem has accurately compared it to contemporary vandalism -- and surrealism the attempt to replace this culture by a new kind of creative activity, no longer based on passive identification with professional entertainers, but on direct individual action, no longer transforming an image or representation of the world, but transforming human life itself. The modern artist no longer paints but creates directly, Tzara had written. During its initial and most revolutionary period surrealism was not an "artist-ic" movement at all, but an attempt to create a new life-style, fusing the previous specialised forms of art, and it only degenerated into traditional art when all the possibilities of real revolution had been eliminated from the period.

The new revolutionary movement will criticise alienated production through the alienated consumption which alone allows it to continue; and culture is now becoming more and more essential to consumption, to the spectacle. Art has become no more than a drug dissimulating our isolation, boredom and passivity, of sublimating our explosive desire to live into an unreal and inactive form, and of maintaining its real repression: "the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world" (Marx). The question is to realise, to make real, all that is valid in art -- its imaginative transformation of the world -- and to suppress it in as far as it is merely imaginary, in as far as it is the spectacle. Without criticising contemporary culture no radical critique of contemporary society can be made, and no positive alternative to its alienation can be suggested.

The following texts are intended to illustrate some of the features of this revolutionary transformation of the concept of culture. They are part of a series of historic texts, more or less unknown in England and America, on the most radical features of past revolutionary thought and experience, either artistic and political theory, or accounts of real revolution at work. The Dada manifesto has been pirated from Motherwell's Dada Painters and Poets, a translation of some of the main Dada literary texts and the only good compilation in English. The official accounts are, as always, solely of comic value and Richter's recent book is just senile crap. The surrealist text is translated from Nadeau's Histoire du Surrealisme, the best factual account of the movement we know. Steal both if you get the chance.

DADA

What is Dadaism and what does it want in Germany?

1. Dadaism demands:

- 1) The international revolutionary union of all creative and intellectual men and women on the basis of radical communism;
- 2) The introduction of progressive unemployment through comprehensive mechanisation of every field of activity. Only by unemployment does it become possible for the individual to achieve certainty as to the truth of life and finally become accustomed to experience;
- 3) The immediate expropriation of property (socialisation) and the communal feeding of all; further, the erection of cities of light, and gardens which will belong to society as a whole and prepare man for a state of freedom.

2. The Central Council Demands:

- a) Daily meals at public expense for all creative and intellectual men and women on the Potsdamer Platz (Berlin);
- b) Compulsory adherence of all clergymen and teachers to the Dadaist articles of faith;
- c) The most brutal struggle against all directions of so-called "workers of the spirit" (Hiller, Adler), against their concealed bourgeoisism and post-classical education as advocated by the Sturm group;
- d) The immediate erection of a state art centre, elimination of concepts of property in the new art (expressionism); the concept of property is entirely excluded from the super-individual movement of Dadaism which liberates all mankind;
- e) Introduction of the simultaneist poem as a Communist state prayer;
- f) Requisition of churches for the performances of bruitism, simultaneist and Dadaist poems;
- g) Establishment of a Dadaist advisory council for the remodelling of life in every city of over 50,000 inhabitants;
- h) Immediate organisation of a large scale Dadaist propaganda campaign with 150 circuses for the enlightenment of the proletariat;
- i) Submission of all laws and decrees to the Dadaist central council for approval;
- j) Immediate regulation of all sexual relations according to the views of international Dadaism through establishment of a Dadaist sexual centre.

The Dadaist revolutionary central council
German Group: Hausmann, Huelsenbeck
Business Office: Charlottenburg, Kantstrasse 118
Applications for membership taken at business office

reprinted from Richard Huelsenbeck's "En Avant Dada"
(1920)

Revolution now AND FOREVER

The world is a nexus of conflicts which, for anyone remotely intelligent, are far more than mere social or political issues. Our time is badly short of visionaries. But anyone who isn't completely stupid is bound to try to foresee the human consequences of an utterly incredible state of affairs.

Even beyond the re-awakened self-love of long-enslaved people who seem to want nothing except to reconquer their independence, even beyond the irreconcilable conflict of work and social demands within still-functioning European states, we believe in the inevitability of total deliverance. Man, treated more and more brutally, will finally be forced to change his relationships.

Well aware of the nature of the forces disturbing the world at the moment, even before we find out how many of us there are and begin to work, we want to proclaim our total detachment, in a sense our uncontamination, from the ideas at the basis of a still real European civilisation, based in its turn on the intolerable principles of necessity and duty.

Even more than patriotism -- which is a quite commonplace sort of hysteria, though emptier and shorter-lived than most -- we are disgusted by the idea of belonging to a country at all, which is the most bestial and least philosophic of the concepts to which we are subjected.

We are certainly barbarians, since a certain form of civilisation thoroughly disgusts us.

Wherever western civilisation is dominant all human contact has disappeared, apart from contact out of which money can be made -- strictly cash payment. For over a century human dignity has been reduced to an exchange value. It is not only unjust, it is monstrous that those with possessions enslave those without them, but when this oppression goes beyond salaried labour and becomes for example the type of slavery effected by international high finance, then it is an iniquity worse than any massacre it provokes. We do not accept the laws of economy and exchange, we do not accept the slavery of labour, and, in a still wider sense, we have taken up arms against history. History is ruled by laws based on the pusillanimity of individuals, and we are certainly not humanists of any sort whatsoever.

It is our rejection of all accepted law, our hope in new, subterranean forces, capable of overthrowing history, which makes us turn our eyes towards Asia. Categorically we need freedom, but a freedom based on our deepest spiritual needs, and on the

most imperious and most human desires of our bodies (in fact, it is always the others who are scared). The time is up for the contemporary world. The stereotyped gestures, acts and lies of Europe have gone through their whole dirty circle. Spinoza, Kant, Blake, Hegel, Schelling, Proudhon, Marx, Stirner, Baudelaire, Lautréamont, Nietzsche: this list alone is the beginning of your downfall. It is the turn of the Mongols to bivouac in our squares. We should never for a moment worry that this violence could take us by surprise or get out of hand. As far as we are concerned, it could never be enough, whatever happens. All that should be seen in our behaviour is the absolute confidence which we have in a sentiment common to all of us, the sentiment of revolt, on which anything of any value is based.

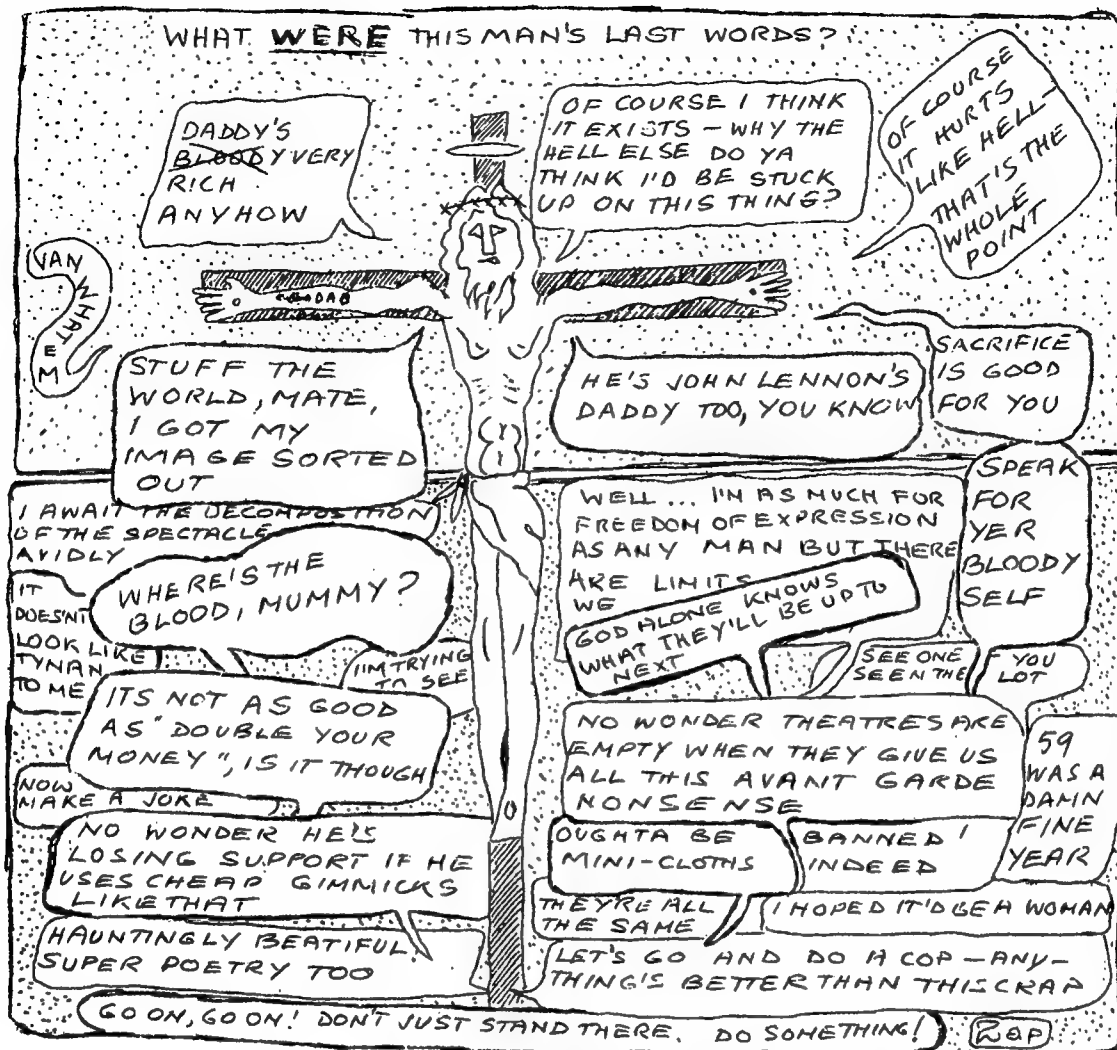
.....
 We are the revolt of the spirit; we believe that sanguinary revolution is the inevitable vengeance of a spirit humiliated by your doings. We are not utopian; we can conceive this revolution only in a social form. If anywhere there are men who have seen a coalition form against them (traitors to everything which wasn't freedom, rebels of every sort, prisoners of common law) then they should never forget that the idea of revolution is the best and most effective safeguard of the individual.

Signed by, among others: +++ +++ +++

Norbert Guterman, Henri Lefebvre, Pierre Mirhange, George Politzer, Louis Aragon, Antonin Artaud, André Breton, René Crevel, Robert Desnos, Paul Éluard, Max Ernst, Michel Leiris, André Masson, Marcel Noll, Benjamin Péret, Philippe Soupault, Henri Jeanson, Raymond Queneau, George Ribemont-Dessaignes.
 from La Révolution Surréaliste No 5 1925 (translation C. Gray)



News from the USA



the totality for kids

The Totality for Kids by Raoul Vaneigem (translated from the French by Christopher Gray and Philippe Vissac)..... Originally published in two parts in the French Revolutionary review L'Internationale Situationniste (nos. 7 and 8, 1962-3) under the title "Banalités de Base", this pamphlet is one of the very few really essential contemporary revolutionary documents to have appeared in English. We recommend this wide-ranging demolition of ideology and religion to all our readers and we hope that it will serve to introduce situationist ideas to a much wider public than they have had so far here and in America. Available at 2 shillings (including postage) from Christopher Gray, 9, Hereford Mansions, Hereford Rd, London, W2. (in USA from The Rebel Worker) Stocked by The Wooden Shoe, Freedom Press,

Better Books,
Indica etc.

The Kids



— Poetry must be made by everybody, not
by one person alone - Lautreamont
(Poesies, II)

Since the late-fifties Amsterdam has had a clandestine reputation as one of the best-established and most open beat cities; hundreds of Scandinavian, English and American disaffiliates have either passed through or settled there, bringing with them an attitude of social and cultural dissent. The youth underground, which these beats helped establish, has surfaced during the last year in a series of events very different from the social passivity and cultural inoffensiveness of the beats: the provo riots.

In all the highly developed countries of the world there is a radical discontent rapidly spreading throughout youth, a youth that wants neither to work nor to consume, a youth for whom comfort and gadgets have proved to be empty substitutes for an empty everyday life. This discontent is ready to explode in a great number of places; in Amsterdam it was largely the fantastic energy of one man -- the artist Robert Jasper Grootveld -- which triggered the discontent into an explosion. Starting from a fanatical opposition to tobacco companies -- as the creators of "tomorrow's enslaved consumer" -- Grootveld began a single-handed campaign against them, painting the letter K for Kancer in huge letters across the tobacco hoardings with an aerosol paint-spray, disguising himself as an old woman to persecute Amsterdam's tobaccoists, holding church services in which a cigarette replaced the Host, the congregation coming forward to kneel reverently and take a drag, while Grootveld officiated at an altar flanked by two huge fire-extinguishers. Later his campaign extended into full-scale attempts to sabotage the whole of bourgeois reality: anchoring a raft in the middle of one of Amsterdam's main canals, furnishing it to look like a bourgeois drawing room, with a table, chair and Dutch stove, he sat aboard it for a fortnight reading the newspapers. More important were the happenings: he began to hold on the Spui, at the foot of the statue Het Amsterdamse Lieverdje (Amsterdam's Little Darling), presented to the city by the Hunter Cigarette Company and, for Grootveld, the perfect symbol of enslaved consumption. Chanting his nonsense anti-smoke songs, performing his weird, destructive rites, chalking up his symbol (since appropriated by the provos) of the Magic Apple, he rapidly became a centre of attraction. Time and time again he was picked up by the cops, but, refusing to be intimidated he returned to the Spui. Crowds began to accompany him to the police station demanding his release. The nonsense songs and rhythmic hand-

claps became popular weapons. Fights with the cops broke out. The Spui, at midnight each Saturday, suddenly became the popular centre for everyone who was bored. And everyone is bored.

Grootveld himself seems to be far more attractive and imaginative than most modern exhibitionists (somewhat like the Berlin dadaist Baader -- v. Raoul Hausmann's Courier Dada); any way, the real importance of the Spui scenes was that they broke the system of isolation, based on permanent movement, characteristic of modern urban control -- to rule, divide -- and succeeded to a large extent in turning a public place in the middle of the city into a small uncontrolled enclave of freedom*. This vortex rapidly drew in together all the city's dissident, bored and aggressive elements.

At about the same time, in early 1965, the original Provo group -- composed initially of active beats, anarchists and the wilder ban-the-bombers -- came together to produce a small duplicated magazine, with an initial circulation of 500, called PROVO**. They took part in the Spui happenings, gradually giving them a far more aggressive and political slant, denouncing cops, traffic, bombs, royalty, etc. Journalists and cops appeared. So did kids on mo-peds. Minors were seduced, fights broke out and large scale arrests began. The happenings got out of everyone's hands and became riots. The Provos just rode the wave.

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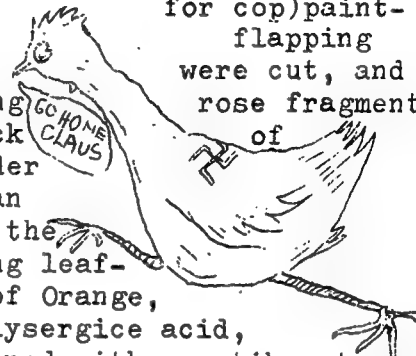
The provo revolt is essentially the first time that a number of hitherto heterogeneous rebel youth groupings ("beatniks, pleiners; nozems, teddy boys, blousons noirs, gammler, raggare, stiljagi, mangupi, mods, students, artists, rockers, delinquents, anarchists, ban-the-bombers, misfits... those who don't want a career, who lead irregular lives... " that the Provos call the provotariat***) have, as a result of the development of modern society, begun to come together, to recognise their common interests and to act on them. The values on which this new lumpen-proletariat of the Welfare State is based are essentially its utter disgust with work and its attempt to use its clandestine leisure in an experimental and adventurous way, denying the passive and isolated consumption characteristic of all alienated leisure. It is this attitude of the new lumpenproletariat which both underlay and found temporary expression in the provo riots.

* Viz. the text "Unitary Urbanism" in this issue of HEATWAVE.

** Provo now has a circulation of 20,000 copies.

*** Viz. Anarchy 66, which contains both the "Appeal to the International Provotariat" and an article, by Roel van Duyn, reprinted from Provo 1, which goes some way towards articulating the spirit and attitudes of the early Provo group.

In all their actions they used a highly developed sense of game-war, an imagination, playfulness and sense of humour which completely baffled the cops consigned to deal with it. When Princess Beatrix married the ex-Nazi Claus von Amsberg, the wedding coach disappeared in the billows of smoke bombs, white chickens (chicken is the Dutch slang for cop) paint-flapping were cut, and rose fragments of Grootveld's dadaist hymns. Only lack of money prevented them putting even wilder schemes into practice: having a frogman emerge from a canal near the route of the procession to explode a bomb containing leaf-lets giving the lowdown on the House of Orange, spiking the palace water supply with lysergice acid, releasing a pack of white mice emblazoned with swastikas to stampede the horses drawing the seventeen ton gold wedding coach...



The provo riots fused and completely transformed the traditional forms of both art and politics. The exhibitionism of artists and the passivity of spectators, characteristic of New York, Paris and London happenings (and characteristic of alienated art in general) were eliminated from the riots that grew out of the Spui happenings: everyone was free to participate to the full extent of their imagination and energy in an experience which they had all created. The same structure in terms of politics was also overturned: the passivity and repression of the rank-and-file, imposed a priori by the hierarchic structure of all political parties (and by the self-sacrificial ideology dissimulating this structure: the Cause) were abolished in favour of a fluid, leaderless and exuberant onslaught. The alienation of both art and politics was transcended, and the appeal of their synthesis was electric. The riot became a popular work of art, a party to which the whole city was invited.

These riots represent imagination and passion applied consciously to the construction of immediate experience. They were, inseparably, a form of self-realisation and an objective assault on contemporary life: a society that has suppressed all adventure has made the only adventure the suppression of that society. And, in a more general sense, these riots express all that is essential to the new lumpenproletariat: their style illustrates concretely the reason for youth's disgust with life in the Welfare State and prefigures something of the life with which they want to replace it. They were a living critique of the deserts of everyday experience. Imagination, passion, communication, adventure: a brief glimpse of Utopia.

.. Embodied, inarticulately, in these riots was a total criticism of life in this society: a society characterised by its exclusion of everyone from their own lives, by its repression of everyone's real desires, by its reduction of everyone to a state of passivity and isolation in which they can be manipulated and stacked like inanimate objects. All these features which were effectively reversed during the actual riots have never been articulated in Provo theory: on the contrary, the so-called leaders and spokesmen of the movement do nothing more than propose a ridiculous series of minor reforms -- banning the bomb, abolishing the Queen, making cops social workers, creating smokeless zones, preserving old buildings, etc., -- all of which, with the possible exception of the bomb, are just anticipations of reforms bound to be effected by the ruling bureaucracy in the natural course of its development. Ticks, ticks and ticks. Why has the original Provo group -- which precipitated these riots -- failed so dismally to articulate a theory as radical as the events which took place spontaneously?

The basic flaw in the original Provo group lay in its theory. While they recognised both the intensity and the cohesion of the revolt of contemporary youth, of the groups they called the provotariat -- whose political importance has not been recognised by any traditional political group or party -- they were completely unaware of the other signs of radical revolt throughout the rest of the proletariat -- the wild cat strikes and the shop stewards, obviously -- as well as being completely incapable of analysing the signs of rapidly growing crisis throughout this society as a whole -- its human penury that no ideology can dissimulate much longer -- and seeing that a universal awakening is almost inevitable. They failed to see the ideology responsible for mass-apathy, and the decomposition of this ideology. The original Provo group saw their rebellion as a desperate last stand. "The Provotariat is the last rebellious grouping in the Welfare State countries" ... "We cannot convince the masses. We hardly want to" ... "Provo realises that in the end it will be the loser"....* This meant that there could never be any hope of a general revolution, and that their attitude was basically the nihilistic attitude of vandals.

As soon as they were successful, as soon as the movement began to become really powerful, their theoretical incompetence became of critical importance. Since (as far as we know) none of them were capable of realising the possibilities of a general proletarian uprising implicit in the time, there were only two possibilities open to them: either to continue their artistic vandalism, on a larger scale, which the best of them have continued to do, or, alternatively, to use their power to effect a number of minor reforms -- it is from this latter group that a reformistic and reactionary group of leaders seem to have sprung. Reformism inevitably means lead-

ers and specialists in reform, representative activity on 'behalf' of the masses, acceptance of the hierarchical repressive structure of the ruling classes, and activity within it -- in short, acceptance of everything the riots rejected. It is this group that make statements like Bernard de Vries' "We only want to make things a little better", and that went on the pop radio station during the June riots to appeal to the blousons noirs to stop burning cop cars and chucking them in canals, to stop attacking shops (the most relevant instinctive gesture made) and to go back home and let the Provo leaders 'educate' them. They have become completely reactionary.

This fragmentary and reformistic theory of the leaders is the complete denial of the radical opposition implicit in the street riots, an opposition which was total, irreconcilable and practised by everyone. It is now impossible for the leaders to formulate the most radical features of the revolt they precipitated -- rejection of contemporary society as a whole, the desire to use life differently, to realise subjectivity in a transformed everyday life -- and everything they do stands in the way of any such formulation.

Without a critique of the alienated system of production and consumption on which this civilisation is based, without the possibility of a universal awakening of the proletariat, there can be no question of really transforming our immediate everyday experience of life, and all that is most valuable in the provo experience is bound to become intangible and to be lost. No fragmentary reform will ever change the nature of everyday life. As it is the only reflection their poetry and taste for adventure has found in official theory is in Constant's 'New Babylon', where it appears as an abstract appendage to his plans for a fully modernised concentration camp, the world, he assures us, of homo ludens. Constant is about as "ludic" as an ox.

This is all even sadder since basically the provos have beaten the cops. The riots revealed clearly their complete inability to deal with exuberant, leaderless and intense political street-games: their horses have already been driven off the streets with ball-bearings and marbles, and it is only a matter of time before someone comes up with aniseed or ammonia for the dogs. All the cops can do is to keep the crowds moving, disperse groups about to form, book the occasional agitator for the night: they are just playing for time, big blue trugs with their fingers stuck in the dyke...

The real process of integration of the provos into the status quo is taking place elsewhere, on a more sophisticated level. The leaders and representatives of the provos are, sometimes happily and sometimes unwillingly, becoming steadily more divorced from the masses: executing their mutilated reconstructions of popular fury on television and in the newspapers. They are being integrated as an artistic avant-garde, as a new political party,

as the rebel side-show revitalising the official spectacle: already the first provo has his seat on the city council, already artists are preparing glossy coffee-table books on happenings, already the bureaucrats of the 'new' urbanism are peddling their plans, already the sociologists are preparing their explanations. Once the provo revolt is fragmented it can easily be recuperated. The mass will have their activity taken out of their hands and once again be reduced to passive spectators, staying at home and identifying with their own specialised representative in the appropriate niche of the official spectacle.

++++

The provos still seem to have considerable vitality:



"At the Hague on Tuesday they attacked the State Opening of Parliament with batteries of smoke bombs -- and as the black marias raced forward, fed peanuts to the policemen through the window bars. The monks were not amused, and arrested 81 of them"

"On Saturday, in the early hours of the morning, inspired by marihuana, Mr Rob Stolk hatched perhaps the most daring Provo plan of all: the takeover of Amsterdam's Dam Square which is like Trafalgar Square. Dam Square was 'sold' 20 years ago to the citizens of Amsterdam for one guilder a square centimetre to raise money for a war memorial. The certificates of 'sale' still exist, forgotten in countless desk drawers. Through their teenage supporters the Provos plan to beg, borrow or steal enough of these charity certificates to claim they now 'own' Dam Square. And then they will ban it to their respectable elders... " -- Sunday Times. 25.9.66

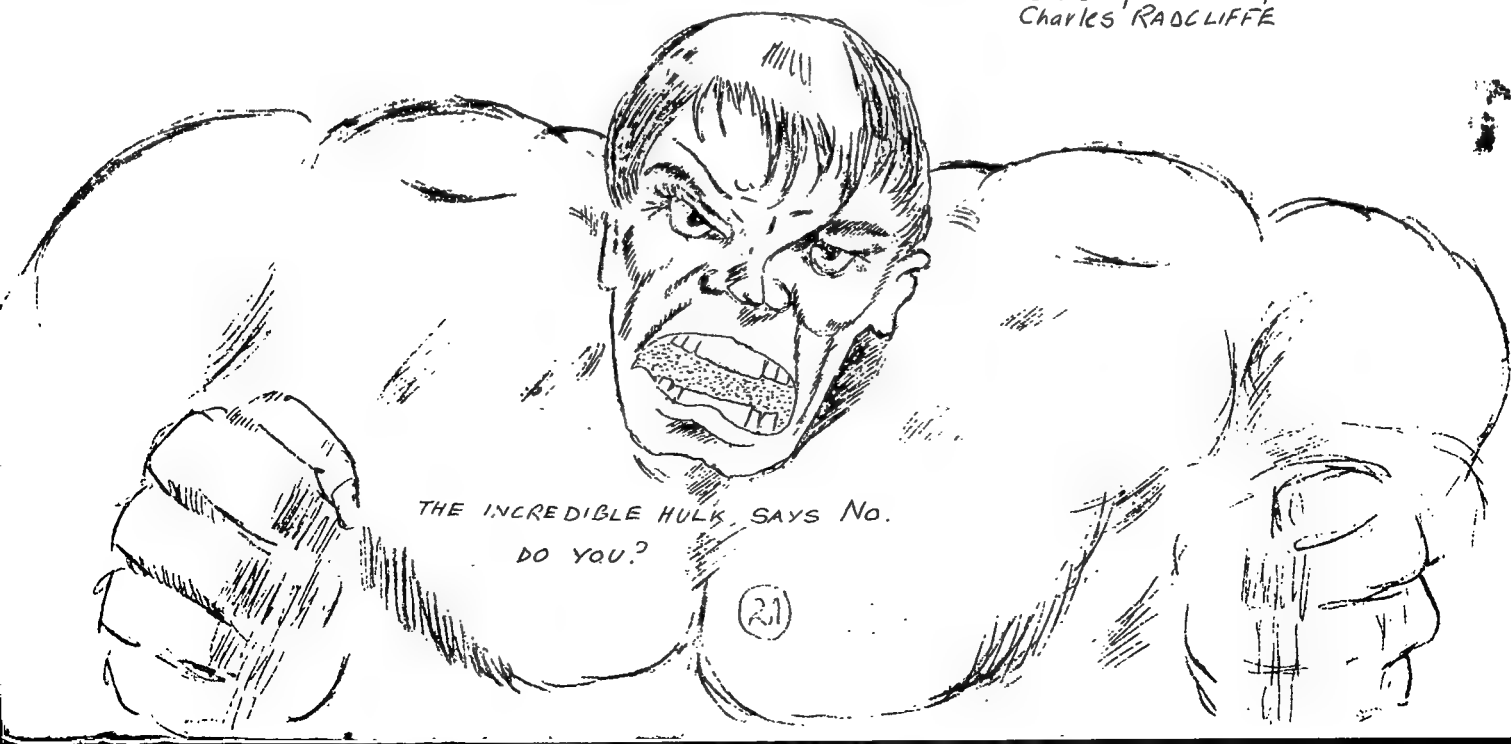
Despite which, it is difficult not to feel that the crisis of the whole movement is very far advanced. The spontaneity and innocence of their revolt are over, and there just isn't any radical perspective at the time when it has become most necessary. They talk of activists dropping out, becoming pot-heads, of people going away to write books, of the difficulty of getting enough help with the production of PROVO, of the poorness of their new weekly IMAGE, etc. They are getting tired. Perhaps they will realise what is happening to them: understand the modern methods of integration, dissociate themselves from their leaders, establish a radical perspective. It is difficult to say: but it doesn't seem likely.

For us, the fate of the particular wave of revolt called the provos is not of particular importance. They represent the most evolved form of the youth revolt that has yet broken out without engendering a radical revolutionary perspective and strategy. They have synthesised and gone a good deal further than either the Committee of 100 or any of the vandal and delinquent outrages. In fact, their exuberance, imagination and violent distaste for the whole of contemporary social life make their riots something very close to a spontaneous rediscovery of Dada, rediscovered not by a minority, but by the mass. (As the masses accede to hitherto 'bourgeois' conditions of comfort and leisure, they also accede to the whole revolt engendered by the emptiness and falsity of these conditions). And the provos rediscovered the real spirit of Dada, not its contemporary official version -- happenings, pop, autodestructive art, etc., -- which is precisely the opposite of all that Dada stood for, its integration in spectacular culture and the complete reversal of its sense. Like the Dadaists, the provos reached towards a revolutionary praxis of self-realisation which they could not formulate, which they could not insert in a real revolutionary perspective, remaining purely destructive iconoclasts to the end.

This is in no way to belittle their importance: they indicate irrefutably the extent to which the coming generation is disgusted with western civilisation, and they prefigure the transcendence of this civilisation, of its specialised and alienated forms of action in new forms of activity. Life has still to be invented.

The provos as such are no isolated phenomenon. What happened in Amsterdam this year could happen in any of the highly industrialised countries of the world next year. They are just the most recent episode of the international revolt engendered in the context of mass 'affluence'. The positive and negative aspects of their rebellion must be understood, assimilated and put into practice in the construction of the new revolutionary movement.

Christopher GRAY
Charles RADCLIFFE



THE INCREDIBLE HULK SAYS NO.
DO YOU?

WORTH

COOPING!

Cuddons

Cuddons has been incredibly uneven in approach during its two-&-a-half years of publication but No.10 is the best so far, containing a brief commentary on Amsterdam's June provo riots; there is also a superb, corruscating, incendiary piece of situationist analysis, reprinted from Internationale Situationniste 10 (available -- in French -- from The Wooden Shoe), on the Watts insurrection of 1965 -- The Decline and Fall of the Spectacular Commodity Economy, which is worth the attention of anyone who really means it. *See address page*

A Way Ahead

The Scottish Solidarity group are; first and foremost, undirected heretics, barbarians, wild men of the north, who leave Solidarity London looking bewilderingly uncomplicated. The magazine is often erratic, usually incendiary and always interesting and we dig the hell out of its wildness. Although we are certain that the title of this pamphlet will put off many of our readers (A Way Ahead for the Peace Movement) and know damn well that the last thing we want is a new peace movement as such -- we are fed up with fragmentary opposition -- we recommend this. It contains a variety of articles with a variety of approaches -- an excellent, concise one by Alan Parker on how to spy on bureaucratic funk-holes, a defence by World War II volunteers of sabotage (with a nice put-down of Gandhian mythology) and a general critique of the old peace movement by ex-Scottish Committee of 100 secretary, George Williamson. Perhaps the best thing is a brief history of Scots Against War, perhaps the most directly effective 'peace' group in British history, who have carried out a glorious, unending and superbly imaginative series of provocative and destructive actions against the war machine. What really interests us, however, is the ease with which these techniques could be utilised against other aspects of the set-up. It is our contention that when fragmentary ultra-radicalism, like SAW's, comes together with a theoretic basis which recognises the interdependence of all the phenomena in our society a new revolutionary movement, which can actually destroy the lot, will emerge. *See address page*

RESURGENCE6

No one could possibly confuse this insurgent gesture with the limp British magazine of the same name. We have reservations about Resurgence's 'alliance' with the Vietcong and their rather weird brand of China-lin ing but the rest is great. This issue contains an oddball analysis of the Spring-is-Sprung bit, a youth revolt round-up and the long, shatteringly apocalyptic Guerrilla Manifesto which gassed us. Get a subscription -- Resurgence cannot produce dull numbers. *See address page*

Ben COVINGTON

THE ALMOST COMPLETE WORKS OF MARCEL DUCHAMP

"The Almost Complete Works of Marcel Duchamp"

This is the title of a recent Arts Council Show. Where almost complete work was unavailable, Richard Hamilton bridged the gap with tasteful reconstructions. I doubt whether a DADAevent on so large a scale has ever before been officially sponsored.

Naturally, some credentials were given to establish that Duchamp had, at least, taken it all seriously in the beginning. These being some hastily mounted drawings which appeared to have come from only one sketch book (lent by a resourceful Swiss ? woman) and his few paintings in oil.

Duchamp has traded frivolity for frivolity over many decades and has treated art history, art theory, art practice and art market as so many accoutrements to the vocation of artist clown. It must have seemed to him, this London show recognised his spirit if not in the pieces selected then by the nature of the spectacle that surrounded them. Take those strange waifs from the British Legion who would prevent the public hand re-arranging the hinged 'glasses', to effect, as intended. Glass cases in which items carrying such formula as 'Art = Merdre', and rubber breasted book jackets - 'Please Touch', were part of the misfired conspiracy to disguise Duchamp as a pedagogue (a french Paul Klee who turned to engineering rather than water colours).

The larger ready-mades were grouped together in arcades behind rope -- several pieces being thus totally deprived of significance. The famous fountain had the signature R. Mutt painstakingly forged on its side; despite the artist's statement that once a mass-produced object has received designation "the rest was sentiment".

It is impossible here to condense Duchamp's achievement. He anticipated almost all recent avant garde movements. This alone demonstrates his lack of interest in establishing values. He was intent in extending the base of the Art Model into Consumer Society, and making it demonstrate its absurdity by its own nature. The Tate Gallery, and the majority of those who witnessed the event I am describing, can be congratulated for doing just that. To treat a piece labelled 'She has a hot arse' with dumb aplomb, as was general, points to some disease at work in society -- humourlessness. Perhaps thousands peered through a little hole in the rear cover of the catalogue at spinning roto-reliefs without a single giggle of conscious idiocy.

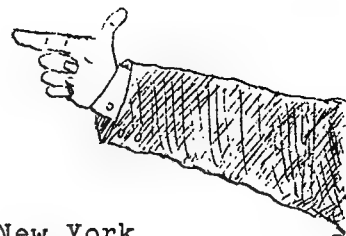
23 *Vel CAMERON*

THE GRAVE'S A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE

~ TWO DOCUMENTS ON CONTEMPORARY^{AR} URBANISM

LEFRAK CITY

*The Bureaucratic Utopia
of Samuel J. Lefrak*



Locked in bumper-to-bumper traffic 30 minutes east of New York, the suburban motorist gazes wearily at a sign put up by builder Samuel J Lefrak on one of his Queens office buildings: "If you worked here, you'd already be at your desk." In the evening Lefrak hits him again with another cruel message. From an 80-ft billboard on the Long Island Expressway, a child scolds: "If we lived here, Daddy, you'd be home now".



And what a home awaits Daddy in Lefrak City. As brochures describe Lefrak City apartments, they are "sound-proof! fire-proof! explosion-proof!" with "Conteidental curved driveways," "port cocheres," "vista-view picture windows" and "illuminated fountains" - "a veritable cornucopia of innovations" which "ushers America to the very threshold of the great society".

Lefrak City's all there behind that billboard (or will be by the end of next year): twenty eighteen story towers rising against the Queens County skyline, "Total Facilities for Total Living" for 20,000 persons spread over 40 acres.

Himself a suburbanite with a Georgian-style house in Woodmere, L.I. -- and 51 race horses in Maryland and Kentucky -- the 47-year-old Lefrak isn't joking about "total facilities". His 150 million dollar middle-income housing project does indeed seem to have everything, from supermarkets, swimming pools and sauna baths to a kosher delicatessen and security guards on motor scooters. And next year, civic minded Lefrak (he's a member of LBJ's Committee for the Physically Disabled) will complete a new office building for the Social Security Administration inside his city. It will provide employment opportunities for 3,000, and presumably many of them will live nearby. Looking to that day, Lefrak flashes his deep-set eyes and gestures athletically. "You'll have a job, a place to live, a place to play," he says. "Everything you need, right here. Why just think of it. In Lefrak City you'll never have to cross a street."...

Landlord Lefrak regards himself as something of a saviour to the middle-income New Yorker. "Without places like this," he says of his new enclave, "those people are trapped." There are others, however, who believe that he has simply substituted one trap for another. His own statements confirm this: "The idea is to keep 'em home". And his favourite anecdotes are of tenants so content with Lefrak City's organised social activities that they don't even go away on vacation.

Lefrak has tried hard to give his City a touch of elegance, too. But he may have missed the mark. His employees apologise for the garish murals that adorn some of the lobby walls, and in one model apartment being shown to prospective tenants, the wall-paper motif in a walk-in closet spells out "I LOVE YOU" from floor to ceiling...

"We're not trying to build great landmarks" admits Lefrak, a member of the City's Landmarks Commission. "We're trying to build a way of life"...

Lefrak is frankly delighted to be cast in the role of the leader. "I've discovered one thing," he says, addressing himself not only to his imitators but perhaps to his agoraphobic tenants. "People are basically followers."

[extracted from Newsweek]
November 8, 1965

unitary urbanism

1. The nothingness of urbanism and the nothingness of the spectacle

Urbanism doesn't exist: it is simply an 'ideology', in Marx's sense of the word. The existence of architecture, however, is as real as that of Coca-Cola: it is a product coated in ideology but still real, providing a false satisfaction for a falsified need. But 'urbanism' is pure spectacular ideology and is much the same as the display of advertising which surrounds Coca-Cola. Modern capitalism, organising the reduction of all social life to a spectacle, cannot provide any other spectacle than that of our own alienation. Its vision of urbanism is its masterpiece.

2. Urban planning as conditioning and false participation

Development of the urban environment is the capitalist education of space. It represents the choice of one specific materialisation of the possible, to the exclusion of all others. Like aesthetics -- and its decomposition will develop in the same way -- it can be seen as a somewhat neglected branch of criminology. However, its characteristic as 'urbanism', in relation to its purely architectural aspects, is its insistence on popular consent, on individual integration in the development of the bureaucratic production of conditioning.

People are blackmailed into accepting all this on the pretext of its utility. They are not told that the whole significance of this utility serves reification. Modern capitalism makes people abandon all criticism simply by arguing that everyone must have a roof over his head, just as television is accepted on the pretext that everyone must have information and amusement. Which conceals the fact that this information, this amusement and this kind of living-place are not made for people at all, but are made without them, and against them.

Urban planning in its entirety can only be understood as the sphere of publicity and propaganda of a society, in other words, the organisation of participation in something in which it is impossible to participate.

3. The circulation of traffic, the acme of urban planning

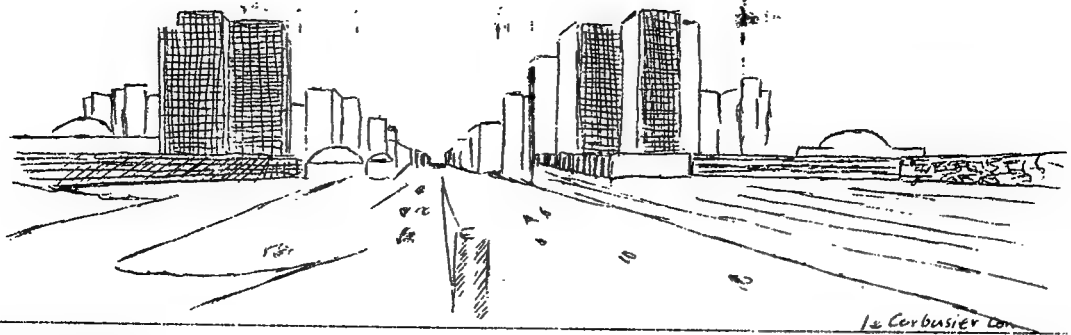
The circulation of traffic is the organisation of universal isolation. As such it is the basic problem of modern cities. It is the opposite of the human meeting; it absorbs the energy which could have been used for such meetings, or for any other kind of participation. Compensation for the impossibility of participation is found in the form of the spectacle. The spectacle appears in one's living-place and personal mobility (the status of one's residence and private transport). For, in fact, one doesn't live in a part of a city, but in a part of power. One lives somewhere in the hierarchy. At its apex rank can be measured by the extent to which one travels. Power is objectified in the obligation to be present each day at an increasing number of places (business dinners, etc.) situated further and further apart from one another. Those high up in the modern hierarchy could be characterised as men likely to appear in three different capitals in the course of a single day.

4. Distanciation before the urban spectacle

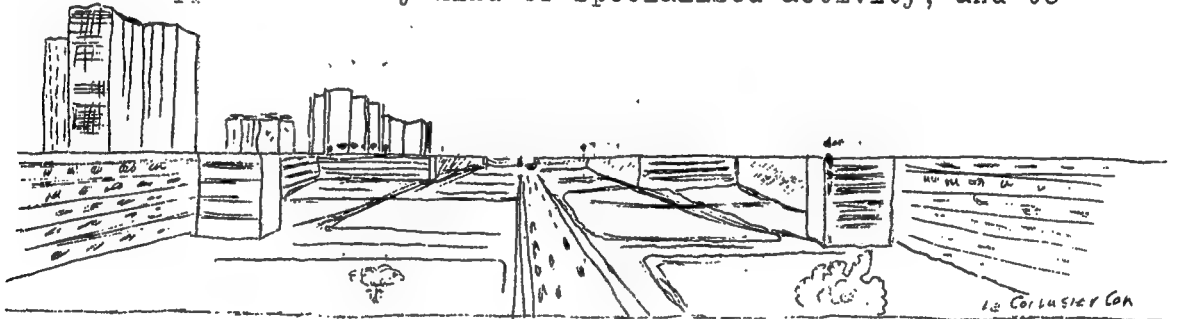
The totality of the spectacle moving towards the integration of the population is revealed as both the organisation of cities and as a permanent information network. It is a secure framework to protect the existing conditions of life. Our first task is to enable people to stop identifying with their environment and with stereotyped models of behaviour. This is inseparable from the possibility of recognising oneself freely in an initial number of areas set apart for human activity. People will have to accept the period of reified cities for some time yet; but the attitude with which they accept it can be changed immediately. Mistrust must be spread of these air-conditioned, brightly coloured kindergartens which, in both East and West, form the new dormitory cities. Only when people wake up will the question of conscious creation of urban environment be raised.

5. Indivisible liberty

The most significant achievement of contemporary town-planning is to have made everyone overlook the possibility of what we call unitary urbanism, that is to say, the living criticism, fed by



all the tensions of the whole of everyday life, of this manipulation of cities and their inhabitants. Living criticism means the setting up of bases for an experimental life: the gathering together of those who want to create their own lives in areas equipped to this end. These bases could not be reserved for any kind of 'leisure' separated from society. No spatio-temporal zone is completely separable. In fact, there is constant pressure from world society on its existing holiday 'reservations'. Pressure will be exerted in the opposite direction from the situationist bases, which will function as bridge-heads for an invasion of the whole of everyday life. Unitary urbanism is the opposite of any kind of specialised activity; and to



acknowledge a separated sphere of 'urbanism' is immediately to accept all the lies about urbanism, and the lies throughout life as a whole.

It is happiness that urbanism promises. It will be judged accordingly. The co-ordination of artistic and scientific means of denunciation must lead to a complete denunciation of present conditioning.

6. Invasion

All space is already occupied by the enemy, who has domesticated even the elementary rules of this space for its own use (beyond jurisdiction: geometry). The appearance of authentic urbanism will be marked by the creation of the absence of this occupation in a number of areas. What we call construction starts there. It can be clarified by the concept of 'positive void' coined by modern physics. To materialise liberty is, in the first place, to steal back a few areas of the surface of a domesticated planet.

7. The light of deflection (détournement)

The basic exercise of the theory of unitary urbanism will be the transcription of the whole of the theoretical lie of urbanism, deflected as a means of dis-alienation; we must defend ourselves at every

moment against the epic of the hards of conditioning; turn their rhythms upside down.

8. Conditions of dialogue

The functional is the practical. The only thing that is practical is the resolution of our fundamental problem; our own self-realisation (our escape from the system of isolation). This alone is the useful and the utilitarian. Nothing else. All the rest is no more than minor deviations of praxis, its mystification.

9. Raw materials and transformation

The situationist destruction of contemporary conditioning is simultaneously the construction of situations. It is the liberation of the boundless energy trapped in a petrified everyday life. Contemporary urban planning, which appears as a geology of lies, will, with the advent of unitary urbanism, be replaced by a defence technique for the permanently menaced conditions of liberty, starting from the moment when individuals -- who, as such, don't yet exist -- will begin to construct, freely, their own lives and their own history.

10. The end of the prehistory of conditioning

We are not saying that men must return to any particular stage before conditioning began -- but that they must pass beyond it. We have invented an architecture and an urbanism which cannot be realised without the revolution of everyday life; that is to say, the appropriation of the means of conditioning by everyone, the unending enrichment of these means, and their fulfilment.

(from Internationale Situationniste 6, 1961)

Attila Kotányi
Raoul Vaneigem

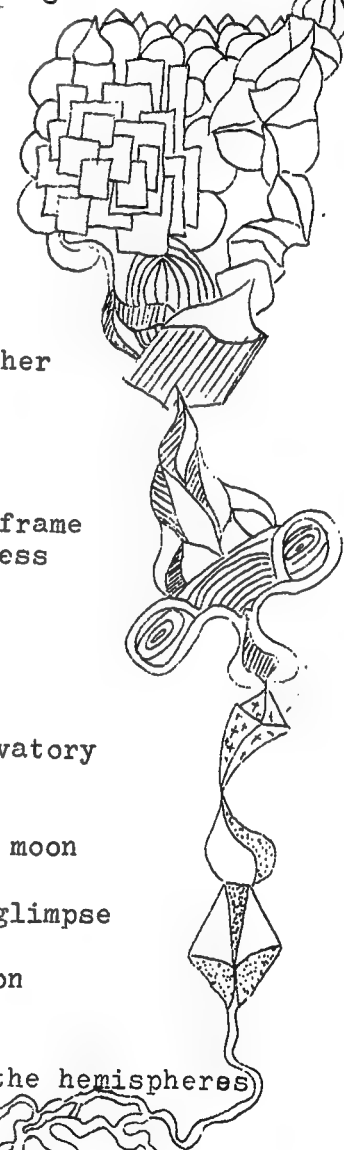
Addressees: Internationale Situationniste, B.P. 307-03, PARIS, France
La Vieille Taupe, 1, rue Fosse Jacques, PARIS VI, France (great bookshop)
The Wooden Shoe (English stockist for Situationist material and, of course, HEATWAVE) 42, New Compton Street, London WC2-160614, U.S.A.
The Rebel Worker (NEW ADDRESS) now at 1644 Meyer Ave, Chicago, Illinois
Resurgence & R.Y.M. % Torch Bookshop, 641 East 9th Street, New York, U.S.A.
Solidarity - London edition 197 King's Cross Road, London, W.C.1. and Scottish edition from N. McLeod, 20 Elderpark St, Glasgow.
Anarchy - number 66 deals with Provo & from Freedom Press, 17a Maxwell Road, London, SW6. / Cuddon's 10 is available from The Wooden Shoe.
PROVO: details from P.B. 1602, Amsterdam, Netherlands.

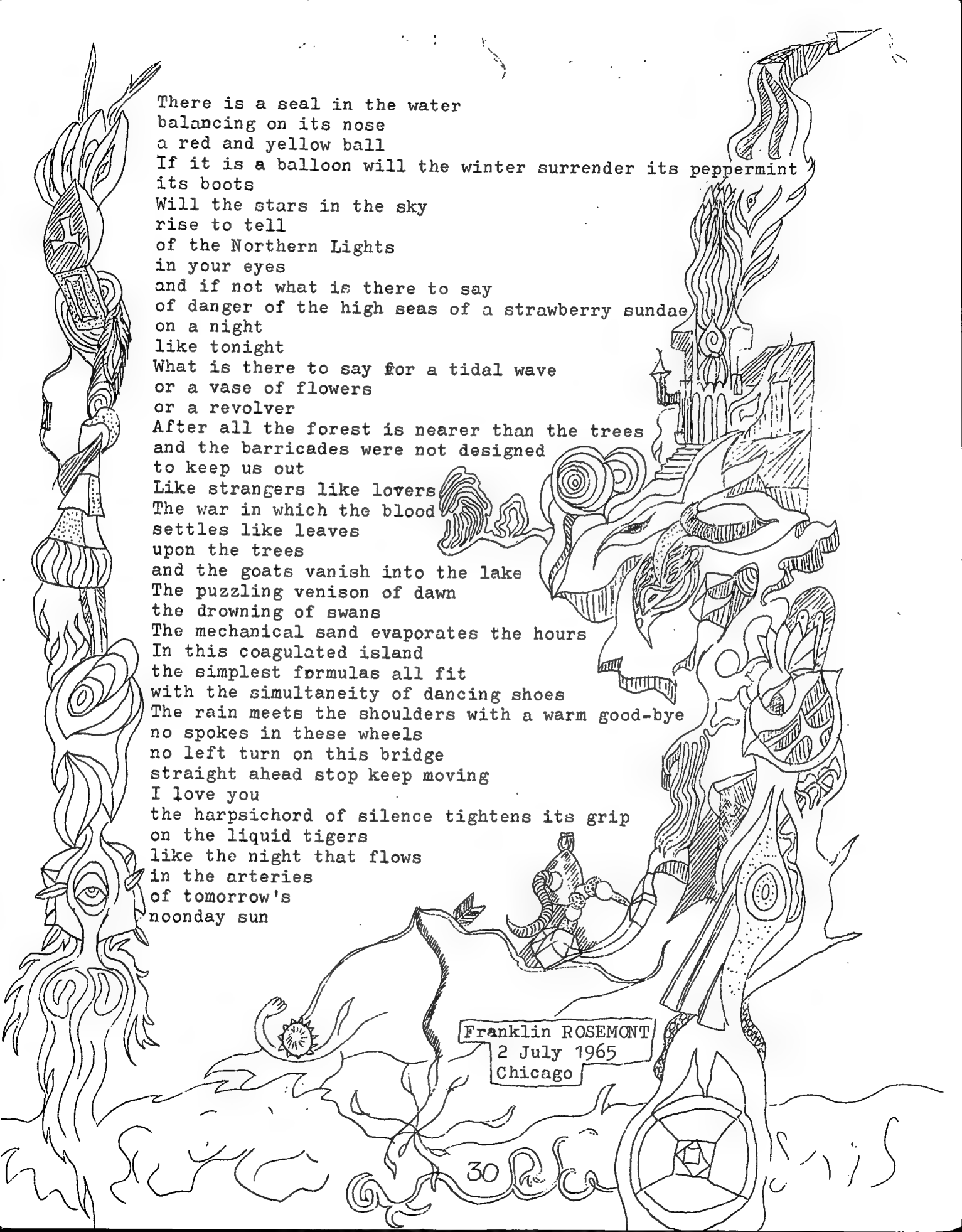
N.B. The Rebel Worker 7 will soon be out - hopefully The Wooden Shoe will stock it here. Buy as much as you can at this shop - it's the only radical bookshop in Central London. Also watch for the announcement of a new radical print shop in London!!
HEATWAVE is available from most of the usual London bookshops - Indira, Better Looks, Freedom Press, Housman's & and although it cuts our profits it saves us a lot of time if you buy from these shops.
PLEASE

LANDSCAPE with moveable PARTS

[for Penelope, because
if the earth turned
twice as fast or
faster, the sun's
perspective would
change]

The paint fresh as an egg
and the same color but darker
and heavier like the footsteps
that stick in the door
like gloves
like an oyster
If the fireplace were cooler
left to its own devices
its own solitude of trees and windows
Perhaps a man standing on the corner
oblivious to his cigarette
its smoke and the reactions it produces
among the birds far overhead
The drawing room leads to a watery grave
her ancestors walked that path
the windows were darker and one grandfather
wore a peculiarly marked tie
like a jack of clubs
It was a Sunday children were playing
softly like a murdered bear
The mirror shattered the light from its frame
a violin repeated the gestures of blindness
in the rain
The cathedral steps led to a dark roof
there was a dog there
two dogs three
hundreds of dogs
and several trees arranged like an observatory
or a cemetery with a sundial buried
beneath the water
It was as dark as a hand in front of the moon
the streets veiled in train whistles
distances starred by frogs and the rare glimpse
of hitchhikers
The morning opens like a knife in a melon
it begins anywhere
ambiguously
and tears for itself an itinerary along the hemispheres
of flesh and blood
The edge of the map is burned
its vagueness causes lack of sleep
The navigator's eye has lost sight
of its goal
too far away to hope for
too near to do without
The night casts its embers
The conductor sleeps
in photographic silence





There is a seal in the water
balancing on its nose
a red and yellow ball
If it is a balloon will the winter surrender its peppermint
its boots
Will the stars in the sky
rise to tell
of the Northern Lights
in your eyes
and if not what is there to say
of danger of the high seas of a strawberry sundae
on a night
like tonight
What is there to say for a tidal wave
or a vase of flowers
or a revolver
After all the forest is nearer than the trees
and the barricades were not designed
to keep us out
Like strangers like lovers
The war in which the blood
settles like leaves
upon the trees
and the goats vanish into the lake
The puzzling venison of dawn
the drowning of swans
The mechanical sand evaporates the hours
In this coagulated island
the simplest formulas all fit
with the simultaneity of dancing shoes
The rain meets the shoulders with a warm good-bye
no spokes in these wheels
no left turn on this bridge
straight ahead stop keep moving
I love you
the harpsichord of silence tightens its grip
on the liquid tigers
like the night that flows
in the arteries
of tomorrow's
noonday sun

Franklin ROSEMONT
2 July 1965
Chicago

Map MA MA' BLUES

If the new revolutionary movement is to attain its ends (no less than the total overthrow of everything) -- and there is little doubt that we can achieve such ends if we really want to -- the first practical step is to internationalise, to inter-relate the various struggles and ideas spontaneously occurring all over the world, and particularly those which have critical relevance to us -- those occurring in all the highly-industrialised, over-developed countries of the West.

In the past twenty years the remnants of the old revolutionary movement -- the ghost of a movement which once intended to transform human life and is now reduced to whining dissension over which practical reform should come next -- have maintained the most precarious international contact, precarious because it has been devoted to the maintenance of partial insight and the preservation of fragmented and superceded ideas, because, in short, no one really believes in it anymore. Their contact has been mutual masturbation. There has been nothing to discuss but the spectacle of a ruined past and no ideas which might enable them to transcend the pathetic futilities in which they are immersed. The sham has stolen their minds where it has not shackled their bodies. They remain to discuss survival.

The new revolutionary movement, in its desire to overthrow and re-make the entire state of existing reality, has already replaced these ghosts of revolt, superceding them with the embryo of new analysis, new action and new organisation. Already there is a spontaneous, continuous international conference going on. Revolutionaries from the USA, Holland, France, etc., have spontaneously visited us -- the conference has been personal and unofficial but it has laid the seeds for a new revolutionary international. The total and obvious collapse of this civilisation under the weight of its own contradictions has created a new millenarianism.

This new attitude finds its justification in actions as apparently diverse as the Watts riots, the small-scale insurrections which have once again swept all the major cities of the USA this long hot summer, the youth riots of Stockholm, Moscow, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Oxford, and the British resorts, the Vietnam hoax, etc. It is everywhere and it is spreading. These crises represent attempts by people to overcome the boredom, disgust and inhumanity of their situation, to inscribe their own physical poetry on the blank board of contemporary reality, to make the world correspond to their own desires, to construct at least a part of their own lives.

In this and subsequent issues of HEATWAVE we shall draw together as many as possible of these threads of revolt, both group and individual. We shall bring back into play a whole past, as well as unknown present and the new future. We are about to write the unofficial history of mankind.

Here we are reprinting three texts from America, one -- probably from the early thirties -- by blues singer-nihilist Violet Mills, which, in its expressive violence and disgust, closely echoes the mood of millions of people all over the world today, and two by contemporary American revolutionary groups -- part of the New York Resurgence Youth Movement's Guerrilla Manifesto and the text of a leaflet -- The Forecast is Hot -- distributed to some 50,000 marchers on one of Luther King's reform marches in Chicago shortly before the fuzz turned off the hoses and the West-side blossomed into aqua-violence.

The Forecast is Hot was published jointly by the Chicago Surrealist Group and the Chicago Anarchist Horde, who find their common perspective in The Rebel Worker (RW). RW was founded two and a half years ago and, despite difficulties, the group have managed to keep up regular publication of the journal and also to maintain the finest radical bookshop in North America. RW itself has progressed considerably from being a somewhat crudely updated magazine of Wobbly (Industrial Workers of the World) ideas to being the best total revolutionary journal published in the USA. The sixth issue, distributed by HEATWAVE, was produced in England and from it emerged HEATWAVE. The RW group also produces pamphlets -- their programme is currently slightly behind hand. At present they are involved in tremendous hassles with their bookshop which has been appropriated by the City of Chicago -- as far as we can tell the only way they can sell books to the public is to cop them from their own bookshop first! HEATWAVE, naturally, is in close contact with the group and will carry further news in future issues.

As far as we can tell the only other fully-constituted revolutionary group in the USA -- we would be happy to receive positive contradiction -- is the Resurgence Youth Movement (RYM), centred in New York round the young wobblies Jonathan Leake and Walter Caughey. We are printing a small portion of RYM's Guerrilla Manifesto which first appeared in Resurgence 6, a must for all revolutionaries. Like the Chicago group, RYM has added an entirely new dimension to old Wobbly ideas, basing their analysis primarily on the international youth revolt. They are perhaps the only revolutionary group anywhere with a gang-affiliate -- the RESUR-GENTS.

Jonathan writes: "In heralding this apocalypse, the downfall of our civilisation, we witness the Ricorso, that period of barbarism which Sorel and Vico spoke of, 'when all is instinct, creative and poetic in society'. This is the source of the parallels we draw between anarchism, as a barbarian form of socialism, and the culture of the gangs, rock'n'roll, the sudden releases of energy which mark the emergence of the revolution in our own times...Our cities, the very face of this continent, are the shuffled image of what has been, what is, and what is to come".

Charles RADCLIFFE.

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THE OLD GET OLDER

THE GUERRILLA MANIFESTO



he outstanding example of anarchist revolution is emerging in the wars of liberation waged by the dispossessed. The tactic of these wars of liberation is the organisation of guerrilla forces of voluntary militia in city and country areas, and spontaneously arming, insurrecting, sabotaging the functions of control in society. Such guerrilla warfare is based on the participation of the people and the guerrilla is the military expression of the peoples' struggle, whether waged by organisations or spontaneously breaking out of the urgent needs and hopes. Both in structure and purpose these movements of "national liberation" accurately express the forces and sentiments of anarchist revolution. The revolution that is due to erupt in the Western countries themselves, the Home Camp of Imperialism (the United States and Europe) will reveal the basic weaknesses and implicit alternatives in the bureaucratic and authoritarian civilisation. The struggle of a few will become the struggle of many, suddenly, in apocalyptic revelations of a new world, of the new spirit of freedom, of fire. Thus, the re-organisation and re-construction of society will primarily be as primitive and barbarian times of great poetry, of heroic violence, and the forces that will emerge to build a new world all over the world will be the new brotherhoods of rebellion that have resurrected the guerrilla and anarchist spirit. The entire meaning and function of urban guerrilla warfare in relation to the USA and Europe is yet to be revealed in the actual Revolution that will sweep the Earth very soon.



any anarchists today repudiate the guerrilla movements. They give allegiance to the bourgeois doctrines of non-violence, politics, religion and remain alienated from the totality of the changes round them. History will repudiate these individuals and organisations which fell by the wayside as did many socialist and communist groups. The real revolution will make immediately obvious who are the real revolutionaries, the guerrillas. Who is the Underground in America, in Europe, all over the world? It will show itself soon.



narchists in particular have a duty to the revolution that is unfolding, for anarchism has been the apprehension of this revolution, and closer to it than the other radical movements of socialism or communism. The anarchist principle of decentralisation traced an ethic of mutual aid based on voluntary groups that exists today on the fringes of society, in the underground.

IF I LOOK HARD ENOUGH INTO THE SETTING SUN MY LOVE WILL LAUGH WITH
ME BEFORE THE MORNING COMES -



anarchism is faced with two basic tasks in relation to the development of the Revolutionary Idea. The first is the resurrection of the Apocalyptic Vision. The second is the restatement of the anarchist principles of autonomy, particularly in regards to the organisation and tactics of a revolutionary movement. The first task is concerned with taking account of a number of new trends in revolutionary thinking. These include the psychedelic movement, and the affirmation of a new culture, a new civilisation within the shell of the old. The resolution of the conflict between the European idea and the Afrasian American New World, which is now being enacted in North America brings to the fore this essential element of radical thought and action. The political and bureaucratic developments of social democracy, state socialism, reformism, etc., all proposed to replace the ethics of crisis, of the Armeggedon between People and State, with a new ethics of social unity and social peace. The political radicals tied a great portion of the direction of the Idea to a professional class; which although transformed by its new place in technology, industry, soon re-acquired its parasitic stance, and made the full about face, becoming integrated with the power structure. Indeed we may look at almost all contemporary socialism as an attempt to heal the wounds, to make up for the historic distrust of the lower echelons of the working class, of the lumpenproletariat agricultural workers, the unemployed for the 'intellectuals'. This messianic vision of a total revolution that would transform every social relationship, would erase the concept of 'worker' as it would the concept of 'capitalist' was carried by a minority in the radical movement, anarchists, syndicalists, and the recurring heretics of the spirit who ambushed European culture in the 1920s and 1930s in surrealism, and which now make themselves felt through a chemical substance. These elements are like the tip of an iceberg projecting out of the murky waters of this stagnant society. In the vision of the surrealist, anarchist, and psychedelic revolutionary is seen all the ingredients of a new context for work, for leisure, for life itself. The street rabble in the cities of North America, the blacks, the Puerto Ricans, the dropouts, all mirror the colors and echo the sounds that are of Africa, Asia, and the New America, not of Europe. This final cleavage between cultures has been part of a pattern of cleavage between economic groups, generations, ways of life. The Social Democracy and all the forms it took have been swallowed by the monster they created, the bureaucratic state. Now the words socialism, communism, revolution once more designate the outlaw, the dissident, the submerged, that which is to be.

extracted from The Guerilla Manifesto of
Resurgence Youth Movement: May 25th. 1966

reprinted from RESURGENCE 6



THE FORECAST is HOT !

Rejecting, totally, the political, theological, literary, philosophical and academic assumptions which hinge our society to the withered refrigerator of civilisation (and which are, in any case, rooted in stupidity and class interest) and insisting, moreover, on our own irresistible emotional autonomy, we find it essential to affirm, here and now, without reservation and at any price, the marvellous red and black validity of absolute revolt, the only attitude worthy of survival in the present millenium of streets and dreams.

More than ever, with everything continually at stake, we find it necessary to affirm the impassioned use of the most dangerous weapons in the arsenal of freedom:

MAD LOVE: totally subversive, the absolute enemy of bourgeois culture;

POETRY: (as opposed to literature) breathing like a machine-gun, exterminating the blind flags of immediate reality;

HUMOUR: the dynamite and guerrilla warfare of the mind, as effective in its own domain as material dynamite and guerrilla warfare in the streets (when necessary, however, rest assured: we shall use every means at our disposal);

SABOTAGE: ruthless and relentless destruction of the bureaucratic and cultural machinery of oppression.

It is necessary, at times (and this is one of them) to speak bluntly: we affirm deliriously and simply the TOTAL LIBERATION OF MAN.

Long live the Negroes of Watts, the Puerto Ricans of Chicago, the Provos of Amsterdam, the Zengakuren of Japan and the youth of all countries who burn cop cars in the streets and demonstrate by these exemplary manifestations that the struggle for freedom cannot be guided by the rulebooks of priests and politicians!!

Long live the New Guinea tribe who, aware of the stupidity of technological civilisation, massacred the managers of a washing machine factory, took over the building and converted it into a temple for the marvellous but elusive Rabbit-god!!

Long live the youth of Fairbanks, Alaska, who, after being forbidden by law to drop out of school, retaliated by burning down the schoolhouse!!

Long live the lunatic who escaped from an asylum and calmly robbed a down-town bank only to have his "sane" brother tell The Man!!

Long live Barry Bondhus of Big Lake, Minnesota, who dumped two buckets of shit into the file drawers of his draft board!!!

Long live the twelve Fort Lauderdale, Florida, teens who, prevented by their schools from meaningful experimentation, independently began manufacturing LSD, two sizes of plastic bombs, smoke bombs and a varied and catalytic assortment of revolutionary hardware!!

Long live the Incredible Hulk, wildcat strikers, the Nat Turner Insurrection, high-school drop-outs, draft-dodgers; deserters, delinquents, saboteurs and all those soul-brothers, wild-eyed dreamers, real and imaginary heroes of defiance and rebellion who pool their collective resources in the exquisite, material transformation of the world according to desire!!!!

The lucidity of alley apples and broken bottles have replaced autumn leaves --- the crushing subservience to authority scorched by molotov cocktails of fantastic destruction, and, far from finally, the expressionless **caress** has been deliciously transcended by the touch that stimulates to unheard of heights the sensuous pores of the only dynamism that matters. As liberated souls (and we are, for our quests cannot be stopped now) we have necessarily an historically enviable role as cosmic architects armed with hammers, electric guitars, and apocalyptic visions, but more significantly, armed with the exhilarating knowledge that we are able to crush systematically all obstacles placed in the way of our desires and to build anew

E V E R Y T H I N G

Surrealist Group

Anarchist Horde

The Rebel Worker Group
Chicago

Mad Mama's Blues

Want to set this world on fire, that is my mad desire,
I'm the devil in disguise, got murder in my eyes.

Now if I could see blood running through the
streets,
Could see everybody lying dead right at my
feet.

Give me gunpowder, give me dynamite,
Yes, I'm gonna wreck the city, gonna blow
it up tonight.

-- Violet MILLS

CUANDO MERDA
TIVER VALER
POBRE NASCE
SEM CU



"If shit becomes valuable the poor will be born without arseholes"